

2 P. M.
January 15. '96.

My Dearest Clarence.

Your Saturday-Sunday, and Sunday Eve letter came this morning. Such a lovely long chapter my darling. I am so glad you went over and had tea with the folks, as usual. That "at home" came out so naturally.

You guessed right about the home-sickness Sunday, my dear. I trust I shall not feel it as much again. I have not received Elsie's Sunday letter, as

yet. Tell him to carry his letters in
town and mail them else it takes
a day longer. I have laid in a stock
of apples and sweet cider, which I know you
will approve of, likewise graham bread. so
I am going to be a very good girl you see.
and eat only what is good for me.

Darling, I had last night, one of
my old terrible dreams about you. I cannot
tell you what agony it was! It is too
long to tell you, but fear it will never
fade from my mind. It made such a
terrible impression but the moral I will
impress upon your mind. Never distrust
me even with the evidences of your own senses
until you give me an opportunity to explain
myself. This seems foolishness, doesn't it,
Claire, but if you knew my dream and
the vividness of it you could not blame me

The gist of it was this, that a man who
loves me and hates you, made you see
and hear (by hypnotic power) me do and
say what compelled you to leave me forever
and your answer was, when I begged of you
to explain your action, that you could not
deny the evidences of your own senses.

Oh but I cannot make you see the

horror of it all; the feeling of impotence,
and the triumph of the mischief maker.

But enough of dreams, I think I can trust
you never to condemn without a hearing.

Tell me know just the date of your
commencement, I like to build castles in
the air, ^{you} know. Do you practice reading aloud
these days? try and make time to do it, if
possible, dear; I want to find you a famous
reader when I come home. 6.30 P.M. I have just had
my quiet little tea and cleared it away, and
when I said the blessing, I said it in the
plural number as usual, it seems more
sociable even if I am alone.

This is the first day that
I can say I have been happy
since I left home, I think
the reaction from that dream,
the glorious breaking up and
finding it not true, has
cast a sunny glow over
every thing. Do you know
that just as your whistle,
used to be the happiest sound
at home, so now a whistle
is the happiest sound to me
here. Who do you suppose the
whistle belongs to? - The postman
Ha-ha - I can see you smile.
You see I have fallen in love
with the postman and you are
no longer "in it." Oh, I beg
pardon, that is slang, and
slang is retired.

(Later in the evening.)
Now I am going to quote you a little
verse of poetry which took my fancy while
reading today.

"After a Sleep."

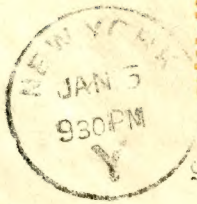
Night — and the strong will stifled,
Night — and the fancy raved,
Night — and the memory beggared,
Night — and the spirit drained,
Like a stream with drift-wood encumbered,
Or a dumb and frozen land;
Like a flower that pales in the shadow,
A bird that swoons in the hand!

Morn — and the faint will strengthened,
Morn — and the fancy glows,
Morn — and the memory rich-laden,
Morn — and the spirit flows
Like a bird with a carol upmounting,
Like a land in the showers of spring,
Like a flower in the sunlight smiling,
Like a stream when the flood-gates swing!

Isn't it beautiful — Darling?

Well! Sunshine must go "beddy in
the kitchen" now, a kiss for those dear
eyes and a firm grasp of those strong,
and yet tender hands, those other hands
of mine, and, the light is turned out -

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